THE MURDER AT OLDBY

John Bridger was baffled, and, being baffled, was out of humor with the world in general and with the village of Oldby in particular.

He had gone up the ladder of his profession with a run-with so quick a run that among pressmen he was known as Boss 'Tec. The crime he was investigating was too ordinary to allow one of of those miraculous flashes of insight for which he was so famous; in fact, had he not been longing for country air after his close application to the noted Vangirard-Vannes case, he would have turned the Oldby murder over to a confrere. This murder had no lurid background, no picturesque touches, and yet it baffled him.

The bald outline given to him was this: man-a Frenchman, Alphonse d'Himbu by name-had come to Oldby. on a visit to Dr. Settle. These two had met at Vichy the previous year, and had chummed over billiards and cigars. No great friendship had ripened, and yet when little M. d'Himbu had written from London to say, "It would give me great pleasure to see you before I return to Paris," Charles Settle had cordially replied: "Come down for a day or two. and see something of rural England, and give me my revenge for that last lost game."

The stranger arrived on Wednesday by the 12:15 from Liverpool street; at 6 that same evening Dr. Settle received an urgent summons to Lea farm, about two miles away. M. d'Himbu, left alone, had sauntered forth into the garden, and from thence into the lane that skirts the doctor's garden and the rectory grounds. the Back Lane, it is locally called.

A British earthwork, picturesquely crowned by elm and wild cherry trees, must have attracted M. d'Himbu, for he had evidently climbed the stile half way down the lane, and crossed the "British Field" to the knoll. There he was found twenty minutes later by Arthur Whitcroft, a lad of seventeen or thereabouts, stabbed to the heart.

An inquest had, of course, been held, when the inevitable tramp theory was mooted. A beetle-browed fellow had been seen loafing about that day. But the coroner had dismissed this theory at

"A tramp," he remarked parenthetically, "may utter imprecations when sent away empty-handed, but he does not run amuck like a Malay fanatic." The stationmaster was called.

"Had the 6:20 train set down any passengers?" "Yes; one."

"Who?" "The rector."

There was a slight sensation here, for If the rector had taken his usual cut across the British Field he must have reached the knoll at 6:25-the very time of the murder. The rector-Mr. Guyhirn-was the next witness; he had seen nothing; absolutely nothing. He had walked home pondering over an address to the farm lads, and had looked neither to the right hand nor to the left. Upon reaching the rectory he had gone straight to his study, and had there and

then made notes of his thoughts. He spoke straightforwardly, and his parishioners believed him-they had never known him either say or do anything underhand, and they respected him for his happy blending of sympathy, common sense and humor.

A parlor mald confirmed his statement about writing in the study; she had taken him in a cup of tea, and had not noticed that he was at all "flustered." There was nothing for it but to bring in a verdict of "murder against some person or persons unknown"-a verdict at which Oldby chafed. Was a murderer

to run free and unpunished in their In the course of days trivialities leaked out, and these, taken together, could no longer be regarded as mere nothings. For two months a Marjorie Marchden

had been a guest at the rectory-it was, in fact, to be her home until the return of Mr. Marchden from Ceylon, where he had a coffee plantation. On the evening of the murder Jane, the

cook, had seen Miss Marchden "just fly up stairs as scared like as a crow with a rattle behind it." Then Susan, the housemaid, testified with many tears that a dagger-a queer,

foreign-sticking thing-had disappeared from Miss Marjorie's room, where it had always hung on a nail. And to the whole village it was apparent that the hitherto energetic, bright and bonny girl had suddenly become pale and dejected.

"They sav as they know the murderer," exclaimed Dr. Settle's housekeeper, as she bustled an omelette down before him. "Eat it while it's hot, sir-it's prime this minute; although, as I said to Green, I'll never believe it of a fine, handsome young lady like Miss March-

"What!" asked the young doctor, jumping up so suddenly that the breakfast table danced a jig and the omelette slipped from the dish. "It's took him more aback than Mr. Dimby's death itself, and he feels that

bad enough," said Mrs. Green, who was a shrewd woman. She was right.

That Marjorie should be suspected caused him more exquisite pain than did the murder of M. d'Himbu. "I'd give my practice to clear her," he

moaned, and, suiting the action to the word, he took out a telegraph form and dashed off a request for Boss 'Tec's aid. John Bridger had heard the story, had seen the spot, and was baffled. That murder had been done was beyond question; the positon of the wound

did away with the possibility of suicide, but what was the motive? The rector had crossed the field at the hour of the murder, but he was beyond suspicion; although, as Boss 'Tec thought, "sometimes irreproachable middle age has the background of a shady past;" but one piece of evidence alone diverted suspicion from Mr. Guyhirn-he

had never been abroad, and M. d'Himbu had never before been in England. As for Miss Marchden-well, her past history must be traced, and already a trusty clerk was on his way to Brussels, where Marjorie had been to school, but, from the little he had learned about her disposition, character and tastes, she did

not seem likely to be the doer of the hand, and as he studied it an idea dawned in his mind. He slapped one knee and exclaimed "He!" he slapped the other and exclaimed "Ha!" And this to his colleagues would have been a signal that his great brain was beginning to

work at a theory. Did Dr. Settle go by the road to Lea farm, or did he ride, taking the shorter bridle-path? If the latter, then he, too, might be in the Britsh Field at the time

of the murder He and M. d'Himbu had played together; nay, more, there had been a suggestion of "revenge for a lost game."

Doubtless it was a question of money. The fact that the doctor had himself sent for an investigator went for nothing: the doing so might simply be a repetition of the blind used by Captain Mel-

dy in the Cat's Eye robbery. Money, then, was the motive for the Oldby murder, and from the well-head of this motive John Bridger deemed it would be easy to track the murderer. Whistling contentedly, he looked from

the window, and, seeing Arthur Whit-eroft, driving some bullocks from the street into Back Lane, strolled forth to "Prime beasts," he remarked, by way

of greeting.

"Ay, sir," replied the lad, with the customary brevity of the English villager.

"Makes me feel young again; takes me back twenty years; and it's good for a man to step back sometimes." he said to the boy, who began to take a liking to Dr. Settle's fresh visitor.

"My father had a farm in the North, sight up in the dales, and I and my

brother Jim used to drive the cows to pasture down by the beck, and there we would lie about for hours, watching the water-touzels, and the kingfishers, and "Yes, Mrs. Guyhirn's at home," and the kingfishers, and "Yes, Mrs. Guyhirn's at home," and the cows to pasture for any water to pasture down by the beck, and there we water to pasture down by the beck, and there we water to pasture down by the beck, and there we water to pasture for any water to pasture for any water to pasture to pasture down by the beck, and there we water to pasture down by the beck, and there we water to pasture down by the beck, and there we water to pasture to pa water-touzels, and the kingfishers, and fishing for crayfish and newts. I sharp-ened my power of observation down by that stream," he continued, with a sigh of sentimental remembrance, at the same time switching a lagging bullock with an adroitness that won his companion's admiration. "Lea farm you're going to aren't you? Ah, no; of course not. I know you live at the Hollow. But let me see; how long will it take me to walk over to Lea?"

"By the bridle-path, twelve minutes,

"The bridle-path. I suppose most folks go that way? "Yes, sir; 'cept in mucky weather; then they takes the road." "Ah, well, it's not mucky weather now. The Lea people must find a nice step saved when they can come to church that 'gainer' cut."

"Yes; and it's handy-like for the doctor now the missus is bad." "Ah," said Boss Tec, softly. "It's swampy here," he continued, as they passed the stile that leads into British Field. "Kingcups and milkmaids grow here in May, don't they?"

"Ay, sir; and frogs, too." "Not the place for a patent-shoed Frenchman to limb over," mused the detective, "unless he happened to meet a friend who knew the way. I'll have another look at the knoll," and, nodding farewell to the lad, he crossed into the now noted field.

A few paces brought him to the spot where poor M. d'Himbu had been found. A crushing cluster of poppies showed the exact place where the body had fallen. The setting sun glittered on something bright that lay beside the

Mr. Bridger stooped and picked this It was a string of five minute jet

"Part of a fringe," muttered Boss 'Tec whose keen eye noted even the frivols displayed by Jay and Peter Robinson. Five yards further on, nearer to the tiny thatched British cottage that stood off from the path, there lay another string-one of three beads only.

"Hum!" said the detective, "hum! Less than this has hanged a man. They may have come off the dress of some Sunday sight-seer; but I'll keep them, all the same.

"Good evening. You're making the most of your time"—this to a whitecapped old dame who sat knitting within the rose-bowered porch of a British cottage.

"Ay, sir, days is never too long for willing fingers." "And I dare say you're a bit lonely living here all alone?"

"Well, sir, as for that, I've my thoughts, and thoughts is grand companions. And the ladies from the rectory most ways gives me a look-one or the other. Miss Marchden, she've been here hours lately, for she's a-doing of my picter."
And, with a sign of invitation, she en-

tered the cottage and took down a block. It was a wonderful bit of water-colo drawing, and reminded Mr. Bridger of Cooper's "Nancy Macintosh." He prided himself on knowing something of art. "Ah, comes often, does she?" "Yes, sir; and glad I am to see her.

poor French gentleman was killed. Eh, sir, it's sad I am to think he was so near-just behind the mound-and I never heard his cry for help. Going in my eighty-six though I be, I'd have done summut for him.' "Was Miss Marchden here at the

"No, sir; let me think; she left ten minutes-yes, it must have been about ten minutes-before."

"And if she isn't here now," exclaimed

the old woman, with a look of genuine gladness. John Bridger turned, and came face to face with Miss Marchden. She wore a black cloth cape trimmed

with jet fringe. There was a break in the fringe close to the right shoulder.

"Ah," once again, ejaculated Bess 'Tec "Well?" queried the doctor that evening. It was his usual after dinner ques tion, and hitherto Mr. Bridger had replied by a shake of the head. To-night, however, he paused, and Dr. Settle, noticing the pause, looked up quickly-"Any clew?"

"Not-not-you can't suspect her," said the young man vehemently, thus betray-"My dear fellow, I'm here to suspect

anybody and everybody, even you."
The expression of his host's face assured the detective that he was guiltless of the slaying of M. d'Himbu; he could no longer hold the theory he started from the motive of money.
"But don't be overtroubled. Of course,

the whole thing is a trouble, but still, much has to be proved yet; much may have to be unproved. Light may come with to-morrow's post. Mrs. Bridger is working like a sleuth-hound in Paris. I believe you know my wife is a French woman; she was governess at Limby Abbey, and I met her when I went down there about the poisoning of his Lordship's mare, Warpaint. She's taken to the 'tec business like a duck to water, and always helps me in my foreign work; in fact; it was really my wife who fer-reted out of the first clew in the Vangirard-Vannes affair. I believe in a woman helping her husband even in the roughest profession. By the by, what is Mrs. Guyhirn like? I've met the rector again

and again, but she always seems invis-"Mrs. Guyhirn? Well, I hardly know. She wears her hair parted down the middle, and buys her next summer clothes at the autumn sales; at least, so-so Miss Marchden says. But I believe she's a good mother and a good

The morning's post brought the hopedfor light. From Brussels there was a "The school is near the Parc Leopold;

very quiet and well conducted. Miss M. was liked by all; there is no escapade of hers to record-her hobby was painting. From Paris the missive was bulkier: 'M. d'Himbu seems to have been sim-

ply a fianeur, whose sole aim was to be tres chic. His brother cannot account for the murder; says Alphonse was not a man to quarrel, and thinks the motive must have been highway robbery. Henri allowed me to appropriate his brother's album; this I send to you. No-tice the girl in the Gainsbro' hat; you will see her repeated in many styles. I fancy she is an Englishwoman. Is she Miss M. M.?"

No. certainly not; she was too fair, too slight, too arch. John Bridger looked at her again and again, for his professional acumen detected that this girl had entered largely into M. d'Himbu's life. "The policeman," said Mrs. Green, interrupting his study of the album.

Boss 'Tec turned to see in the man's hand a foreign dagger, half covered with congealed blood. Found on the top of the pollard willow that flanks the rectory field gateevidently flung there by some person entering the grounds that way. Sworn to

by Susan Jones as being the dagger for-

merly in the possession of Marjorie Crawford Marchden." So spoke the constable in his most professional manner and voice. Shall I arrest Miss Marchden, sir?" he continued, as Bos 'Tec stood silently regarding the weapon. "It's clear cir-cumstantial evidence, sir."

"Have you seen her?"
"I've confronted her with the dagger, but all she says is, 'I didn't put it on the pollard'—otherwise, she's as dumb as a bell;" the Oldby policeman noticed the vagueness of his similes.

"The motive?" inquired Mr. Bridger, looking up suddenly. "The motive will coze out at the trial, sir. Motives are like rats in a hole; they flashes out when you least expect em. Shall I get a warrant for her ar-Waft. I will see her myself. Come to

me later." "The flight up stairs—the dagger—the jet beads—the evident bearing of a painful secret," murmured John Bridger; "clear circumstantial evidence, truly! The bench would bring a verdict of guilty at once; and yet I don't believe Miss Marchden did it! That girl in the Gainsboro' is at the bottom of it, or I'm not Boss "Tec. Question is—is she in

swered the rectory maid, ushering Mr. Bridger into the morning room. Mrs. Guyhirn was seated on a low chair, her youngest child cradled on her lap; another was at her feet, folding

kindergarten papers.

An admiral butterfly sailed into the room; the second child darted after it with a whoop. Mrs. Guyhirn laughed at his vain efforts, and as the light of laughter rose to her eyes Boss 'Tec start-

"I wish to speak to you about this unfortunate affair; perhaps, madam, as the intimate friend of Miss Marchden, you may help me a little. But I find I have left a paper I require in my room. Will you excuse me one moment? I will fetch it and return."

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Guyhira, still watching the butterfly hunt.
"He!" said John Bridger, slapping one knee. "Ha!" slapping the other. "No doubt as to motive now. A clever woman is my Bertrade. At last this interests me-it reaches beyond

Arrived at the doctor's, he took out M. d'Himbu's album and turned to "the girl in the Gainsbro' hat." "Tamed-wrecked," he ejaculated. Venus turned Madonna, but I know I'm not mistaken."

Slipping the photograph out of the album, he retraced his steps.
"Is Mrs. Guyhirn still in the morning room? "Yes, sir." Mrs. Guyhirn had dismissed her chil-

iren and was apparently awaiting Mr. Bridger's return. "Madam," he inquired, closing the door and drawing the portrait from his pocket, "do you know this?" Half an hour later he hastily entered

Dr. Settle's surgery. "Doctor, you're wanted at the rectory. Rush of blood to the head caused by shock." Then he added, after a pause: "And pray to God that for once your remedies may fail."

"I may tell the whole story to you two," Bos 'Tec said that evening as he sat in the clematis-hung arbor with the doctor and the policeman. "It's a pa-thetic bit of life history—besides, it's interesting to us"-looking with a frown on the policeman-"because it low one ought to shy at mere circumstantial evidence. Motive's the thing— without motive a 'tec hasn't a leg to

Boss 'Tec knocked the ashes out of his pipe and began as though he were reading from a book: "Twelve years ago a retired colonel haunted Monte Carlo. He was a widow-

er, and he and his daughter lived a happy-go-lucky Bohemian life. "She was pretty in a certain way-petite and fair, and with a sparkle gained from a Corsican grandmother. She had always a small court, composed of men of mixed nationalities, and when her father had a run of luck she bought new frocks and gave picnics. One of her most persistent admirers was M. d'Himbu, but she cared little for him. One evening the colonel forsook the tables for baccarat; he lost two thousand to M. d'Himbu, and still the mad frenzy of play was upon him.
"'I have nothing left to stake,' he la-

"'Yes,' whispered M. d'Himbu; 'the highest stake of all-your daughter.' "When the lust of play cooled, the colonel knew what he had done. "Next morning his daughter found

him on the shore, his right hand grasping a pistol, the wound in his temple laved by the calm waves of the Mediterranean. "Revenge was the emotion

swayed her as she stood over her father's dead body. You will remember I told you that Corsican blood ran in her veins, and that the vendetta had to her forbears been a binding obligation. 'Neither me nor my money shall M. d'Himbu see again,' was her cry.

"As soon as possible the colonel's daughter left for England, to find a home with her mother's brother, old Admiral Jones. Life with him was as unlike the bright, gay Monte Carlo life as it was possible to be. She stepped at once into an atmosphere of Puritanism. She sang at open air meetings, she played the harmonium in the Sailors' Bethel, she signed the pledge and joined the Anti-gambling League. And in this calmer air she forgot vengeance; she remembered M. d'Himbu only as one remembers a bad nightmare.

"Mr. Guyhirn, being in town for the May gatherings, was fascinated by her zeal and intense energy, and, as she remarked parenthetically this afternoon. 'He stood on the opposite pole to M. d'Himbu; he had never even seen a croupier, and so I accepted him.' "She undertook the duties of a vicar's

wife and fulfilled them. As was natural, there came days when she craved for the brightness and freedom of other years; days when her Bohemianism as-serted itself—a Bohemianism her studious, matter-of-fact husband could not comprehend. And thus it came about that she learned self-repression; she simulated that which he would have

her be; she acted her part." "Overacted it," remarked Dr. Settle. "And so her spirit was dammed in, to burst forth with greater force when her self-repression was for once forgotten. By one of the strangest decrees of fate M. d'Himbu came to Oldby and learned that the rector's wife was none other than his old love.

"Some diablerie moved him to send this note to Mrs. Guyhirn," continued Boss 'Tec, taking it from his pocketbook and reading:
"Your father died owing me you and

£2,000. Meet me by your garden at 6:15 and pay me one or the other. "'ALPHONSE." "Who took that there note?" demanded

the policeman. "Daft Tom, who probably thought more of the sixpence than of the errand. "The Corsican blood leaped up, old memories maddened her; she seized Miss Marchden's dagger and-as luck would have it—her cape, which was hanging in the hall, and rushed forth to meet the man who embodied all the evil of the past. As she reached the knoll she saw her husband on the field path; she knew she loved him and hated M. d'Himbu, and in her wrath she struck-oncetwice. 'For my children's, for my husband's sake I kept silence, she said, but I would not have let Marjorle suffer.

"And Miss Marchden knew?" "She suspected. She saw Mrs. Guyhirn fling the dagger on the pollard, but would not betray her friend."
"It's an uncommon story," continued
Mr. Bridger, "and if it hadn't been for my Bertrade might never have been known. I knew she didn't send that album without due cause. She's the

'tec, not I." -Cassell's Magazine.

The Two Eternal Types in Fiction. Hamilton W. Mable, in the Forum. The novel of romance and adventure has had a long history, and the elements of which it is compounded are recognizable long before they took the form of fiction. which it is compounded are recognizable long before they took the form of fiction. Two figures appear and reappear in the mythology of every poetic people: the hero and the wanderer; the man who achieves, and the man who experiences; the man who masters life by superiority of soul or body, and the man who masters it by completeness of knowledge. It is interesting and pathetic to find how universally these two figures held the attention and stirred the hearts of primitive men; how infinitely varied are their tasks, their perils and their vicissitudes. They wear so many guises, they bear so many names, they travel so far and compass so much experience that it is impossible, in any interpretation of mythology, to escape the conviction that they were the dominant types in the thought of the myth-makers. And these earliest story-makers were not idle dreamers, entertaining themselves by endless manufacture of imaginary incidents, conditions and persons. They were, on the contrary, the observers, the students, the scientists of their period; their endeavor was not to create a fiction but to explain the world and themselves. Their observation was imperfect, and they made ludicrous mistakes of fact because they lacked both knowledge and training; but they made free use of the creative faculty, and there is, consequently, a good deal more truth in their daring guesses than in many of those provisional explanations of nature and ourselves which have been based too exclusively on scrutiny of the obvious fact and indifference to the fact which is not less a fact because it is elusive.

Cook's Imperial, World's Fair, "High ward, excellent Champagne; good eff rescence, agreeable bouquet and delicit

OFFERINGS OF THE POETS.

We and the World. Far in the past, our childish hands We joined. Ah, you recall how sweet, Yet dim, the gay, good-humored world, To us how rhythmic, and replete With hope, its distant music beat.

And tarrying a time, we touched The chords of our young hearts, nor knew The throbbing world, until-grown used To rhymes of love- we wakened to Its fateful voice, which thrilled anew.

"Oh, come," the mystic murmer seemed. And ever "come," and grew less weak, As eager journeying, our hands Forgot to clasp-our eyes, to speak-Our lips, the old-time kiss to seek.

And now-ah me-we and the world Are met. We-traveled staffied, foot sore, Grown blinded by the mocking light And deafened by the mighty roar-May strike the sweet heart tones no more.

In Lent. Welcome, deare feast of Lent: who loves not thee He loves not temperance or authority, But is compos'd of passion. The Scriptures bid us fast; the Church says, now, Give to thy mother what thou wouldst

To every corporation.

True Christians should be glad of an occa-To use their temperance, seeking no eva-When good is seasonable.

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's forti'th' day; Yet to go part of that religious way Is better than to rest:
We cannot reach our Savior's puritie;
Yet are we bid, "Be holy ev'n as he."
In both let's do our best.

Who goeth in the way which Christ hath Is much more sure to meet with Him than

One
That traveleth bywayes.
Perhaps may God, though He be farre before, May turn and take me by the hand, and May strengthen my decayes. Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast By starving sinne, and taking such repast As may our faults controll:

That ev'ry man may revell at his doore, his parlour; banqueting the poore, And among those his soul. -George Herbert. A Day in March. Look forth, Beloved, from thy mansion

By soft airs fanned, see the summer from her bluest sky Surprise the land! See how the bare hills bask in purple bliss

Along the south:
On the brown death of Winter falls a kiss
From Summer's mouth! From pines that weave, among the ravished

trees,
Their phantom bowers,
murmur comes, as sought the ghosts of The ghosts of flowers. Though yet no blood may swell the willow

No grass-blade start,
A dream of blossoms fills the yearning wind, Of love, my heart. Look forth, Beloved, through the tender air. And let thine eyes
The violets be it finds not anywhere,
And scentless dies.

-Bayard Taylor. Salvation Army Song. I'm a soldier, bound for glory!
Marching at my King's command;
Let me tell my pleasing story
As we march to Caanan's land.

-Chorus.-Oh, it is glory! oh, it is glory! Oh, it is glory in my soul!

For I have touched the hem of His garment,

And His blood doth make me whole.

I was once so sad and weary, Weary of my load of sin,
Till I cried: "Lord Jesus, save me!"
And he smiled, and took me in.

Now my life is constant pleasure, Jesus is my bosom Friend! He is such a precious treasure, That my joys can pever end.

Jesus loves me! Jesus saves me! Jesus is my sweetest song! Jesus! altogether lovely! Jesus! Jesus! all day long!

Sorcery. For many years, with every grace and gift He knew, to win her priceles love he sought. All treasures of his heart and brain he With hands by one great hope made true and swift, And cast at her feet, with love's unthrift. Still in her heart the marvel was not Still was she of life's sweetest lore un-And then one came, and lo! a look, a lift
Of answering eyes, a something, nothing taught.

May give a name, and she hath learned un-What he had failed to teach with prayers and tears. Who knows the secret of that look, that

And who can tell the secret that is hid In the one moment that unweighs long years? -Carlotta Perry, in Demorest's Magazine.

The Rose She Gave. This—the rose she gave to me,
With its crimson tips,
Red—as any rose should be,
Having touched her lips;
And with something of her grace And the beauty of her face. This—the rose she gave to me,
Bloomed where south winds stir;
Hid its honey from the bee
For the lips of her!
Through long days disquieted
For those lips to kiss red! This—the rose she gave to me;
Never rose so sweet!
Here the heart of springtime see—
Lean and hear it beat!
Life and all its melody

In the rose she gave to me! -Atlantic Monthly. Summers.

In summer, when the poppy bed Lit all the lawn with glory. To shy, sweet eyes and down-bent head He told the old sweet story. In summer, when with joyful swing The bride bells swept the land, He drew a golden wedding ring Upon her trembling hand.

In summer, when the sunshine made A pathway to the sky, Upon his breast she laid her head, And did not fear to die.

-Josephine H. Nichols, in the Century: OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The most ancient English decoration was the Order of the Round Table, said to have been founded in 516. The cost of the anti-toxin serum thus far produced in this country has been from \$3 to \$12 a dose, according to strength. Under Charlemagne's laws an eye was put out for the first theft, the nose was Life. for the third. There are now enough paupers in Great Britain to form, if ranged four abreast, a procession considerably over one hundred

miles in length. The President of the French Republic draws a yearly salary of \$200,000. The present incumbent has a fortune of his own, and entertains lavishly. At the present price of nails it would not pay to pick up ten nails if it took ten seconds of a carpenter's time worth 39 cents an hour in which to do it. Poland possesses perhaps the most ex-traordinary history of any of the Euro-pean nations. How she existed through so many centuries has puzzled the his-

"Humpty Dumpty" was a bold, bad barm, who lived in the days of King John and was tumbled from power. His history was put up into a ridgie, the meaning of which is an egg. Caycayo, a West Indian island, is inhabited exclusively by turtles, some of which grow to an enormous size. Attempts to establish human habitations on the islands

have always failed. have always failed.

In London there is a manufactory in which every kind of rare or ancient coins are made, and a collector need not go out of the place if he wants to fill his cabinet with numismatic treasures.

There recently died at Zeloff, in Poland, a woman named Mathee, at the age of 119 years and five months, and at Sagrava, in the same province, a man named Chaim Noah Nahankiewicz, aged 121 years and asyen months. The authorities of Zeloff.

There are probably few branches of the different mercantile pursuits which afford unscrupulous dealers or their agents and salesmen such ample opportunity to deceive or mislead their respective patrons as can be done, and is done in the PIANO BUSINESS. For this reason a high degree of conscientiousness on the part of the dealer is required if he desires to achieve more than a temporary success, since TIME WILL TELL, and quickly, too.

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We shall continue to offer irresistible bargains in all departments. Beginning to-morrow we will offer at EX-TREMELY LOW FIGURES, some of the most reliable and best makes of



Equal in every respect to the best standard makes in the market, on terms that you may

almost call your own. Don't hesitate but select one at once. As a SPECIAL FLYER we offer for this week

an AMERICAN MADE (Regular Model.)

Which others would ask at least \$8 for. Remember this week, only.

YOUR SPECIAL ATTENTION is also called to a THURSDAY SHEET-MUSIC SALES

Which we shall open on next Thursday, March 14. On that day a special lot of vocal and instrumental copyright (not the ordinary 10c music) publications, regular prices from 40c to 50c and upward, will be sold at the uniform price of 10c per Copy. Meanwhile, we continue to sell ALL SHEET MUSIC AT HALF PRICE.



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and Sagrava assert that there is no doubt as to the accuracy of these figures. Stains of blood cannot be removed from paper, and only with difficulty, if they are old, from cloth. The pertinacity with which blood stains remain is mainly attributable A curious barometer is used in Germany and Switzerland. It is a jar of water, with a frog and a little stepladder in it. When the frog comes out of the water and sits on the steps a rainstorm will soon occur. The oil of tobacco found in the stems of long-used pipes, or obtained by distillation at a red heat, is one of the most active and powerful poisons known to the chemist. A single drop will often cause death in the ease of a dog or cat.

During the last year no less than 445 persons committed suicide at the Russian capital. The ages of the persons varied from thirteen to sixty-four. In Odessa there were seventy-five suicides, which is an abnormally low figure. Most people talk about millions without

realizing what it really is. An expert coin counter can count about 3,000 coins per hour. If he works ten hours a day it will take him thirty-three and a third days to finish the counting of \$1,000,000. The average wealth throughout the world, taking its population at 1,500 millions, is about \$330 per head, according to recent calculations. Russia, in spite of her great natural resources, appears to be the poorest civilized nation on the face of the globe. French annuals mention a curious water clock sent by Aaron, King of Persia, to Charlemagne, about the year 807. It was of brass, and showed the hours by 12 little balls of the same metal, which at the end of each hour produced sounds from a bell. New York is the first manufacturing city

in the country. It has 11,000 factories, which make every year \$500,000,000 worth of goods, including \$80,000,000 of clothing, \$25,000,000 of books and papers, and \$18,000,000 of cigars. Central Park covers 862 acres and cost \$15,000,000. The empire of Turkey is called the Sub-lime Porte from the principal entrance of the seraglio being a huge pavilion with eight openings over the gate or porte. This gate, from which the Ottoman empire took its name, is very high, and is guarded by fifty capidjis, or porters.

Tobacco has not been found growing wild in any part of the world, and its original abode is, therefore, unknown. It is be-lieved to be a native of tropical America. It is sometimes found growing as a weed, but in all cases the plants have been traced to an Indian field or settlement. The Sandwich Islanders estimate women by their weight. The Chinese require them to have deformed feet and black teeth. A girl must be tatooed sky blue and wear a nose ring to satisfy a South Sea islander. African princes require their brides to have their teeth filed like those of a saw. The average cost of power for the manu facture of a barrel of flower in Minneapoli is said to be 2½ cents for water and 6 to 7 cents for steam, while at Duluth, where steam is used exclusively, the cost per barrel is 2½ cents to 3½ cents a barrel, the coal used being the refuse from the docks.

HUMOR OF THE DAY. He Envied Them.

"Scientists say that there are microbes in kisses," said Miss Kittish to Mr. Hunker. "Happy microbes." exclaimed the young man ecstatically. Not Shown by Results. Jack Potts (bitterly)—I wish I had never learned to play poker!

Mrs. Potts (also bitterly)—Are you quite sure you ever did?

A Source of Inspiration. New York Sun. She-Some one said that architecture is frozen music. He-Well, I guess the government must have used a hand organ.

Not Quite Full.

Parker-I would join the church if it wasn't full of hypocrites.

Tucker-Oh, you are mistaken about that, There's always room for one more. Different Estimates. Boston Transcript. She—Do you think I look as old as they say I do?

He—If you mean the gentlemen, I ray yes; but if you mean as old as your lady friends say, I say no, decidedly.

Horrible Dream. Caesar's Wife—You seem ill at ease, my lord. What vexes you? Caesar—I dreamed last night, Cornelia that the American papers 1,913 years from now, after they had got tired of Napoleon Bonaparte, began printing a lot of fake

Surfeited. She-I have been listening to an awfully clever man for the past hour.

He—then you may find me dull.

She—Not at all. One can't stand too much of that sort of thing, you know.

As Ordered. Chicago Record. Patron (in basement restaurant)-Ginime pigs' feet and a dish of mashed potatoes Waiter (shouting the order through his hands)-Trilby fer one; Little Billee on the

Demand for Feathers. Detroit Tribune. "Dear me," exclaimed the ostrich manifestly crestfallen. "So the theater hat bill didn't pass. Well, I suppose I'll have to keep right on depending on this knit jersey for cool weather."

The fowl shivered. Harper's Bazar. "How old am I?" sald Miss Wilkins. "Twenty-one."
"Hoh!" cried little Willie. "Twenty-nine,

you mean.".
"It's little things that count," said Jawkins, with a chuckle. Brooklyn Eagle. Reggy-What's all this Lent business, any Clarence-Doosed if I know; some invention of the beastly pawnbrokers, I guess, to give folks a chawnce to save up enough to square accounts with them, doncherknow.

Choice of Evils. Detroit Free Press. Landlady-Would you advise me to send my daughter to a cooking school or to a mu-sic school? Boarder (reflectively)—Well, I think I'd send her to a cooking school. It may be more fatal in its results, but it isn't anything like so noisy.

Always a Doubt About It. Detroit Tribune. They bound the murderess to the death chair.

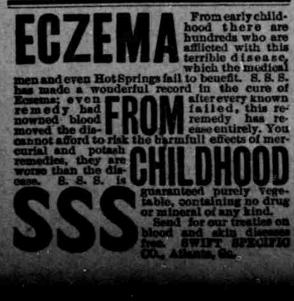
"Yes," whispered the sheriff to the chief electrician. "I have an ax ready in case she can't be shocked."

In the days of the new woman it was indeed well to be on the safe side.

Why She Changed Her Mind. Washington Star. "And you proposed to her twice before she accepted you?"
"Yes."

"It's strange that she changed her mind."
"Not at all. When she refused me the first time it made me feel so cheap that she couldn't resist the chance of a bargain." Extraordinary Smuggling Harper's Young People.

markable thing. One of the most amusing stories of smugglers is that told by an Englishman, who imported into his own country a number of fine fat geese at the Christmas season, many years ago. One of them having excited the suspicions of the inspectors by its wonderful weight was killed and opened, upon which it was discovered, says the chronicle, that there were concealed within it a number of small dutiable articles. The rest of the flock having been similarly inspected, it was found that their owner had compelled the unhappy birds to swallow a large quantity of stuff upon which there was a heavy duty, and which would have all come in free had not the first goose excited the suspicion of those in charge.



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